

# New York Saturday Evening Post

## A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1875, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VII.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, four months, \$1.00  
One copy, one year . . . . . 3.00  
Two copies, one year . . . . . 5.00

No. 320.

### DREAMING AT FOUR-SCORE.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

She sits there through the long sweet hours,  
And sees the garden of her youth in flowers;  
And when the old days come back,  
With friends her waking moments lack.  
And he is with her who has been  
So long a dweller Heaven in;

And, as of old, she hears him speak,  
And feels his kisses on her cheek—

Her faded cheek.

And then adown the orchard ways,  
The old paths, the byways, the byways,  
And, as of old, he smiles on her eyes,  
His eyes his heart's interpreter.  
The while in Love's Enchanted Land  
They linger till the moon's white hand  
Uplifts a warning, and at this  
He leaves her with a lover's kiss—

A lover's kiss.

Again she hears the prattling birth  
Of little ones, the birth of birth;  
And little children at her knee.  
Their prayers say over dreamily.  
And then, like angels, all in white,  
Come round her as they kiss good-night.  
The years, like number'd beads have told,  
And yet her babes have not grown old.

Have not grown old.  
And so she sits and dreams away.  
The long hours of the summer day.  
Oh, dreamer, living at the last,  
Not in the present, but the past.  
For you the miracle is wrought  
Of which the poets dream and thought,  
And which has hardened man's men.  
For you—your youth again!

### The Masked Miner: OR, THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,  
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

### CHAPTER VIII.

LORDLY WEALTH AND HONEST POVERTY.  
DESPITE the fact that the old miner had told Fairleigh Somerville that his time was precious to him, yet it was nearly twelve o'clock that night before he arose from his chair, opposite Tom Worth, who sat on the other side of the open, glowing grate, and said:

"That man, Somerville, is a rascal, Tom; but now we'll go to bed; 'tis late."

In a few moments the light was extinguished, and there was silence in the miner's cabin.

The conversation that night between Tom Worth and his friend, old Ben Walford, was a long one—an earnest one.

More than once the old miner had uttered an exclamation of surprise, and once, in a lull, he had said:

"I tell you again, Tom, that Somerville is no friend of yours! He has money, too, and if occasion comes, will use it against you! Do you know of any reason why he should have this spite against you?"

"He knows that I am your friend, Ben, and that neither of us would quit our old employers, and go into the 'Great Alleghany.' That is the reason—*perhaps*."

Tom Worth had said that "perhaps" significantly—in fact, as if he himself did not believe what he was saying; but old Ben did not notice this.

The night passed—the gray dawn came—the heavy mist, and gloom, and darkness were rolling away from the black bosoms of the three rivers, uniting three in one.

From the numerous cabins on the mountain-side dark forms were issuing, and already the lofty, narrow ledge-paths of the tall hill were lively with groups of sooty miners hurrying along to their work, to relieve the "night-shift."

From the door of Ben Walford's little cabin Tom Worth and his sturdy old friend had some time since gone out. They were faithful laborers and early risers, and lingered not when the hours of work were upon them.

They took their way rapidly along the mucky path, exchanging monosyllabic words of greeting with their fellow workmen hastening on, like them, to bury themselves the living day deep down in the pits, and galleries, and levels of the coal mines.

Our two friends reached the shaft, and having lit the little lamps attached to their hats, were about to enter the bucket to be lowered away, when the overseer called Tom Worth to him and gave him a letter, telling him it had come to the office late the night before.

The young man took the missive, and drawing to one side, tore it open and read it. As his eyes fell on the hard, smooth page and glanced over the black, business-like characters written thereon, the young man started; but he read on, until he had finished it. Then drawing, respectfully, near the overseer, he said:

"I would like to be excused to-day, Mr. Hayhurst. Mr. Harley wishes to see me, sir."

"Very good, Tom; but be back as soon as you can; you know you missed yesterday."

The overseer spoke kindly.

"Yes, sir; but, sir, you can stop my wages for the two days, sir," said Tom.

"Stop your wages! Not a bit of it, my man! Not a bit of it! We all know, Tom," he continued, "of your gallantry of night before, last on the mountain, and no man who can do such deeds shall have his pay stopped for any cause." The overseer spoke promptly and decidedly. The men standing around showed their approval in a loud murmur; but old Ben Walford said right out:



By the light still burning from the lamp on his hat, he again perused the missive.

"One moment, one moment, Mr. Worth," exclaimed the old gentleman, unwilling to let him go; "have you thought on this subject any—have you formed an opinion?" and his eyes strained into the other's face, as if endeavoring to gain from it some clue, some hope.

The miner hesitated, while a dark scowl wrinkled his handsome, honest face; but he sat down again.

"It is not for me, a poor man, an humble miner, Mr. Harley, to have any opinion at all in a matter of this sort. I chanced to be on the mountain, and saw what transpired. Had I not been there, of course I would have known nothing of it," was his singular reply.

"All true, Mr. Worth," continued the old man, still hoping as it were against hope—longing for some information, however meager, in regard to the whereabouts of his daughter; "but, sir, you are a man of judgment—you must be, from your courage and nerve. It is hardly possible that you have not an opinion in this matter. Tell me if you have."

Tom Worth pondered again; his face was very serious, and now and then it contracted, as thought after thought crowded through his mind.

"I am a poor man, Mr. Harley, though this far I am an honest one; but, sir," he said, suddenly, "my word is nothing when money can be brought against it."

"What mean you?" demanded the old gentleman.

"—And my opinion, coming as it would, from a poor man's lips, is simply worth nothing," continued the miner, unheeding the interruption.

"Again, what do you mean?" asked the rich man.

"—Though, for all that I have my opinion, Mr. Harley," said the miner, finishing his sentence, and paying no attention to the old man's questions.

"Well, what is your opinion?" asked Mr. Harley.

"I should have more properly said—suspicions, sir," said Worth, quietly.

"Suspicions! and of what?" asked the old gentleman, starting violently.

"Suspicions, sir, as to the motive prompting this fiendish outrage," and the scowl on Tom Worth's face grew blacker; "likewise as to who committed that glaring crime, right here in the midst of a great city," and Tom Worth gazed fixedly and unflinchingly into the rich man's face.

Old Mr. Harley sprang to his feet.

"Say you so, say you so, my good man! Make good your suspicions and surmises, and you can command my purse, for any amount. And here now, beforehand, for your gallantry on the hill, accept this purse. It contains bank-notes to the amount of \$500. Take it, sir," and he thrust the well-filled purse into the miner's hands.

But Tom Worth's fingers did not close over that purse, within which the new bank-notes crimped and crackled; he put it away from him with a motion of disgust, with a firmness so decided, that it was almost rude.

"No, sir! my conduct cannot be made marketable, Mr. Harley! I cannot even thank you for the offer, for it is an insult to an honest man's pride and sense of duty."

The old ex-merchant recoiled with amazement, almost speechless with astonishment. Never before had he met such a man!

"What!" he gasped, "not take money, and you so poor, as you, yourself, say?"

"True, sir, I will not take the money, and though very poor, am still rich enough to refuse your offer."

The old man sat down, almost beside himself with astonishment and incredulity. Recovering, however, from his stupor, he looked up and said:

"Very good, then, Mr. Worth; but, sir, tell me if you please, what you suspect in regard to this matter."

"The prompting motive, sir, was a conspire—dark one—one which you, as a rich man, may surmise," and Tom Worth looked straight at the old man.

"I understand you, sir," said the father, in a slow, labored voice, as the red blood flowed away from his cheeks; "and, my good man, the PERPETRATOR!" and his voice sunk to a whisper.

"One, sir, of whom you think a great deal—one who has money; none less, sir, than your fr—"

At that moment a loud ring on the bell startled them, and in a second a note was handed in. The old gentleman took it, opened it half-impatiently, as if he did like the intruder.

As his eyes fell upon the sheet, a sudden frown wrinkled his face. He glanced fiercely at Tom Worth, then nervously, anxiously at the clock, and a smile of angry satisfaction swept over his face.

Just then heavy steps echoed on the gravelled walk outside, coming from the street, and then the bell rung again. In a minute more, the hall of the rich man's house was filled with men, and old Richard Harley rubbed his hands with joy.

### CHAPTER X.

INSNARED.

It may be well for us at this point to return briefly to the mountain road that dreary night, which witnessed there the outrage recorded.

When her unknown friend in her hour of greatest danger—and the reader knows that friend, though the maiden did not—had sprung

servant at once changed his deportment, bowed the man into the house, and then into the gorgeous parlor.

As he entered this apartment, Tom Worth—it was he—starred, trembled. Glancing around him quickly, he strode across the room to the opposite wall, on which hung a portrait of Grace Harley—an elegant work of art, portraying the young girl in all her ravishing beauty when seventeen years of age.

For a whole minute the miner stood there, gazing at the picture glowing on the canvas, which seemed as if it might almost speak to him. He needed not the elegance and extravagant show of wealth by which he was surrounded; but gazed into the angelic face suspended above him, and, with clasped hands, murmured:

"Oh, Grace! God be with you in your dark hour. You shall be saved! Will it be for me to—"

The returning footsteps of the servant warned him that other ears were not far off. He quickly seated himself as the man appeared and said:

"Mr. Harley is now ready to receive you—unto me."

Taking up his coarse hat, the miner strode close behind the servant to the library.

Mr. Harley was standing contentedly before the open grate, his hands behind him. He glanced with a keen scrutiny at his visitor.

Lordly Wealth and honest Poverty stood face to face.

### CHAPTER IX.

TOM WORTH'S OPINION.

TOM WORTH stood quietly in that majestic presence; he was not at all abashed, but rather he seemed to draw up his own superb, stalwart form, more loftily.

For a moment the old gentleman gazed upon his visitor; and then, fondling his seals, which dangled in profusion over his richly-clad bosom, he said, as if forgetting himself:

"Be seated, my man—Mr. Worth—I suppose that is your name?"

"Yes, sir; but it your business with me is brief, I prefer to stand," said Tom Worth, glancing with some *hauteur* at the rich man, who though he pointed his visitor to a seat, made no sign of taking one himself.

"Ah! excuse me! Please be seated, Mr. Worth. I desire to have a little talk with you," and the rich old gentleman set the example and took a seat himself.

Tom took the proffered chair, retaining his coarse hat between his hands.

"Will you take some refreshments, sir—a little Spanish wine perhaps?" said the rich man, evidently constrained into respect and deference by the deportment of his guest.

"No, sir; thank you," returned the other;

"I have breakfasted well."

Mr. Harley started as he heard the words, spoken so courteously—so correctly.

"Your voice sounds strangely familiar to me, Mr. Worth. Have I seen you before?" suddenly asked Mr. Harley.

"Tis all one; is he at home?"

"Yes, but—"

"All right; I have a letter from him, requesting me to call. Is he at home for visitors?"

"Yes, sir! Excuse me! Come in," and the

servant at once changed his deportment, bowed the man into the house, and then into the gorgeous parlor.

As he entered this apartment, Tom Worth—it was he—starred, trembled. Glancing around him quickly, he strode across the room to the opposite wall, on which hung a portrait of Grace Harley—an elegant work of art, portraying the young girl in all her ravishing beauty when seventeen years of age.

For a whole minute the miner stood there, gazing at the picture glowing on the canvas, which seemed as if it might almost speak to him. He needed not the elegance and extravagant show of wealth by which he was surrounded; but gazed into the angelic face suspended above him, and, with clasped hands, murmured:

"Oh, Grace! God be with you in your dark hour. You shall be saved! Will it be for me to—"

The returning footsteps of the servant warned him that other ears were not far off. He quickly seated himself as the man appeared and said:

"Mr. Harley is now ready to receive you—unto me."

Taking up his coarse hat, the miner strode close behind the servant to the library.

Mr. Harley was standing contentedly before the open grate, his hands behind him. He glanced with a keen scrutiny at his visitor.

Lordly Wealth and honest Poverty stood face to face.

forward and caught the horses, Grace Harley, overcome by terror, swooned and sunk down moaning in the foot of the carriage. It is true she did not swoon until, as she thought, her protector had suddenly disappeared.

Grace was awakened by some one dashing water in her face, from a cup which had been improvised as a basin.

She shivered and struggled to her feet, but quickly sunk backward on the seat, with a groan of terror, and a half-shriek of alarm. She had only time to glance around her, but that glance revealed to her three figures—one standing on each side of the carriage, and the third being erect in the buggy. He it was who held the cup of water, and was endeavoring to restore her to consciousness.

In another moment a rough bandage was thrown rudely over her eyes, and then, in an instant, a gag was slipped between her teeth and secured, and her slender wrists were bound viciously together. All this occupied but a moment, and before the girl could utter a note of alarm or cry for help.

For a moment a hurried conversation was carried on by her captors, in a tone so low and guarded that she heard not a single word, nor even the tones of the men, sufficiently distinct for her to recognize them, if she should know them.

At the end of this conference, the party evidently separated, for the girl heard steps moving away.

Only a few moments elapsed before she recognized the crunching of wheels on the hard road, and the rough tones of a man, speaking in a subdued voice to the horse. The vehicle was paused by the light carriage. The maiden was at once lifted from the latter, and in an instant a soft cord was passed around her ankles, entirely preventing the use of her limbs, being now literally "bound hand and foot." Then she was placed inside the vehicle, which, it was plain to her, from its roominess, was an open spring or Jersey wagon. She was laid on the hard bottom of the wagon, and a heavy cloak thrown over her.

Her efforts were vain, and in a kind of half-stupor she lay still, scarcely breathing, praying at the same time to die, and be rid of this worse than death. Then she heard a man ascend to the broad board in front of the wagon-body, which served as a seat; and then, another mounted likewise.

In a moment, regardless of the comfort of the tender maiden, lying so helpless in the wagon, the driver lashed the horse, and away they rattled at a break-neck pace down the steep mountain road.

At length the wagon came down to a more moderate pace; then it was evident that, at last, they were going down the sharp declivity of the Mount Washington road toward the Smithfield street bridge. Continuing on, for a few minutes, the wagon suddenly rolled over hard, smooth, well-worn timbers, and paused.

Then the voice of the toll-keeper sounded strangely familiar on the poor girl's ear, and she, though but a few feet from him, could not speak to him.

"Where are you bound, Tom?" asked the man, as he was handing the change back, of the fellow who drove the horse.

"My name's in everybody's mouth! But, I am bound on my own business, and that's not yours!" was the rough reply, in a harsh voice, as the speaker struck the horse, and the wagon moved on.

Under the flaring gas-lamp this man bore a striking resemblance to Tom Worth.

Once across the bridge, the wagon again rattled on over the pavement of the street. It turned here and there, tore around this corner and climbed that hill, as Grace Harley could easily tell by the swaying and swinging of the vehicle, and by the manner in which she was thrown so rudely from side to side.

Pickles could scarcely conceal his satisfaction.

"Yorke—Yorke!" he said, musingly.

"That's one of your firm, isn't it?"

"Yes, Elliott Yorke. He was appointed my guardian in my infancy."

"To look after your dimes, eh?"

"Yes."

Pickles was aware that Glendenning perverted the truth here, and that far from having any "dimes" he had been left penniless at his father's death, and had been kindly cared for by Elliott Yorke, out of friendship for his father.

"This Lorania is his wife!" continued Pickles; pursuing the investigation with avidity.

"Yes; but I think you are mistaken in your surmise regarding her. I had the same idea myself at first, but recent circumstances have caused me to modify it. The boy may hold a different relationship to her altogether than that Pickles had laid for him."

"What makes you think so?"

Glendenning related the story of the portrait, greatly to Pickles' edification.

"She had promised to tell him all, you see," he said in conclusion. "Would she dare that if any blame could fall on her?"

Pickles shook his head in a very non-committal manner.

"That's more than I can say," he answered.

"What do you think?" persisted Glendenning.

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks," quoted Pickles, in reply.

"Hah! you think she will not tell him?"

"Bless my soul! who can say what a woman will or will not do?"

"Oh, woman! In hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"

and who can jump as many ways as fleas, according to the humor of the moment. "She is a riddle that he who solved the Sphinx's would die guessing!" As we say in euchar, on that question I pass. Who was this aforesaid female before she married Mr. Elliott Yorke?"

"The daughter of old Garrett Van Arminge of Bergen Hill."

"What, one of the early settlers there—the original Dutch?" cried Pickles, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Hum! Owned a good deal of land, didn't he?"

"He did, but it passed into Elliott Yorke's hands some way."

"By this marriage?"

"Nol before the marriage. The old man speculated, and Elliott Yorke held mortgages for cash advanced. I have always thought that Lorania married him to save the old man from utter ruin. At all events, the marriage settled the business by giving all to Elliott Yorke."

"Hum! a very judicious settlement. Nice sort of man this Elliott Yorke, eh, hah, ah?"

"Oh, yes, a gentleman in every sense as the world goes," answered Glendenning, carelessly.

"Hum! these particulars will be of great service to me, Mr. Glendenning," said Pickles. "I think I shall be able to make a very clean case of it now. This Mrs. Yorke is very handsome, is she not?"

"Beautiful as an angel!" replied Glendenning, fervently.

### MY IDOL.

BY MARK WILTON.

I bow to no unliving thing.  
Like heathen fair of the southern sea;  
A maiden fair the idol is  
To whom I bend a loyal knee.  
Scarce fourteen years her life canoed  
Down the stream of time has sped;  
And on her cheeks, so round and fair,  
Blooms bright the budding roses red.  
Her ripe, red lips, so full and sweet,  
Seem made for kisses, pure and warm;  
Her speaking eyes, like stars at night,  
Hold beauty sweet in fairest form.  
Her knightly lover I would be,  
As, in the days of old romance,  
For love of lady cavalier  
Swept down on foe with leveled lance.  
But when she's grown to womanhood,  
And gallants bend to seek her hand,  
Will she give thought to one like me,  
No longer one of youth's gay band?  
If when in future years I roam  
In distant lands, or sail the main,  
Will she or I think of me again?  
And will my absent cause her pain?  
I've watched her grow through fleeting years;  
Her face has grown with her own growth;  
I'll love her still when added years  
Untold have rolled above us both.  
May God keep her whose tender heart  
So little knows of life's rough way;  
And ever on through fleeting years  
Her lot be one unclouded day.

### FERGUS FEARNAUGHT; OR, Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "BOY, THE  
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

ANXIOUS INQUIRIES.

LAWYER PICKLES, sitting in his office awaiting the coming of Lorania Yorke, was considerably surprised by the unceremonious opening of his door and the entrance of Rufus Glendenning.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed; and his eyebrows twitched perplexedly.

"I thought I might find you in," said Glendenning, as he sat down carelessly in the first convenient chair.

"Yes, I am here in *propria persona*, as you see," answered Pickles, attempting his usual lightness of speech, but he reflected uneasily: "What a cursed awkward dilemma it would be if the lady should call while he is here."

"What are you thinking about?" inquired Glendenning, who perceived his preoccupation.

"Eh? hum—ah! Oh! a variety of things. I've got a particular case on hand just now, and it's kind of puzzling me."

"Business good, eh?"

"Never better."

Glendenning took off his hat and brushed it lightly with his hand.

"How does our case come on?" he asked.

"The boy, Fergus Fearnought?"

"Yes."

"Swimmingly."

"That's good!"

"I think I am in a fair way to discover his mother."

"You do!" cried Glendenning, with animation.

Pickles winked at him significantly.

"Ah, yes, as if you didn't know!" he cried, smiling.

"Is there no fair lady, among your circle of distinguished friends, whom this boy greatly resembles, eh, hah, ah?"

"Lorania Yorke!" answered Glendenning, involuntarily, and thus falling into the trap that Pickles had laid for him.

Pickles could scarcely conceal his satisfaction.

"Yorke—Yorke!" he said, musingly.

"That's one of your firm, isn't it?"

"Yes, Elliott Yorke. He was appointed my guardian in my infancy."

"To look after your dimes, eh?"

"Yes."

Pickles was aware that Glendenning perverted the truth here, and that far from having any "dimes" he had been left penniless at his father's death, and had been kindly cared for by Elliott Yorke, out of friendship for his father.

"This Lorania is his wife!" continued Pickles; pursuing the investigation with avidity.

"Yes; but I think you are mistaken in your surmise regarding her. I had the same idea myself at first, but recent circumstances have caused me to modify it. The boy may hold a different relationship to her altogether than that Pickles had laid for him."

"What makes you think so?"

Glendenning related the story of the portrait, greatly to Pickles' edification.

"She had promised to tell him all, you see," he said in conclusion. "Would she dare that if any blame could fall on her?"

Pickles shook his head in a very non-committal manner.

"That's more than I can say," he answered.

"What do you think?" persisted Glendenning.

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks," quoted Pickles, in reply.

"Hah! you think she will not tell him?"

"Bless my soul! who can say what a woman will or will not do?"

"Oh, woman! In hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"

and who can jump as many ways as fleas, according to the humor of the moment. "She is a riddle that he who solved the Sphinx's would die guessing!" As we say in euchar, on that question I pass. Who was this aforesaid female before she married Mr. Elliott Yorke?"

"The daughter of old Garrett Van Arminge of Bergen Hill."

"What, one of the early settlers there—the original Dutch?" cried Pickles, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Hum! Owned a good deal of land, didn't he?"

"He did, but it passed into Elliott Yorke's hands some way."

"By this marriage?"

"Nol before the marriage. The old man speculated, and Elliott Yorke held mortgages for cash advanced. I have always thought that Lorania married him to save the old man from utter ruin. At all events, the marriage settled the business by giving all to Elliott Yorke."

"Hum! a very judicious settlement. Nice sort of man this Elliott Yorke, eh, hah, ah?"

"Oh, yes, a gentleman in every sense as the world goes," answered Glendenning, carelessly.

"Beautiful as an angel!" replied Glendenning, fervently.

Pickles smiled significantly.

"You would kind of like to get a hold on her, wouldn't you?" he asked, artfully.

Glendenning arose excitedly to his feet, crying:

"You just get that hold for me, Pickles, and I'll make your fortune!"

Pickles smiled and nodded his head.

"Matters are in good train," he responded.

"Some things have been done, and others are a-doin'. I think the mystery will shortly be developed now."

By Jove, Pickles! you know what you are about."

"I do; you can take your affidavit of that," answered the little lawyer, with a smile of peculiar significance.

Glendenning took out his pocket-book.

"See here, Pickles, machinery always runs smoother for a little oiling," he said. "Perhaps you would not object to a little something on account."

"We lawyers have an itching palm; money never comes amiss to us."

Glendenning counted out a number of bills and placed them on the table before Pickles.

"There's a hundred dollars," he said; "but I'll make it a thousand if you can obtain for me any information that will bring about a separation between Elliott Yorke and his wife. You understand what I want?"

"T'otherly."

"Be expeditious; the quicker this is brought about the better."

"Oh, yes; we'll come at once to Hecuba."

You will hear of something that will astonish you shortly."

"Very good!" exclaimed Glendenning, in a gratified manner. "Now I'm off, but I'll look in again in a day or two."

So saying Rufus Glendenning took his departure.

"Oh! the pernicious catiff!" exclaimed Pickles, as the door closed upon him. "Perhaps you would not object to a little something on account."

"I'll will you say that trouble. Here is my card. When you find the boy, bring him to me there."

Pickles took the card, mechanically.

"Bring him to you—there!" he rejoined, surprisedly.

"Yes; you appear to be surprised!"

"Well, yes, madam, I am—I must confess it—slightly—slightly."

She smiled at his perplexity.

"With all your keenness, are you at fault, Mrs. Pickles?" she inquired. "Have you not discovered why I am so much interested in this boy?"

before her, holding in his right hand the gleaming bayonet which the Dutchman had lost in his fall, with which he boldly faced the steer.

This boy's hair was so short that you could not see any of it beneath his cap, and he had a white face, with a vivid red blush in either cheek, and a bright blue eye. His bearing was utterly dauntless.

The mob shouted encouragingly to him.

"It's Ferg Fearnaut!" cried Rowdy Rube.

"And he's a-goin' fur der bull!" exclaimed Terry.

These two youths had followed the steer to the park, and were still taking a look at "the fun."

The steer appeared to be very much astonished to find himself thus confronted by so slight an antagonist.

He paused with erected head and distended nostrils and glared at him.

Fergus bounded swiftly forward and plunged his weapon in the steer's breast.

The animal sprang toward him, blood streaming from the deep wound, but Fergus warily leaped aside, and as the steer passed him buried the sword bayonet in its side.

He was fortunate enough to reach a vital part, for the steer staggered confusedly for a few moments and then fell over upon its side, dead.

The police formed a circle about the carcass and emptied their revolvers into it, and the crowd hacked it with knives, Rowdy Rube and Terry participating in this singular amusement with great glee.

Fergus resigned the sword bayonet to the owner who came just then to claim it, and turned his attention to Lorania, who remained upon her knees with her face buried in her hands.

He raised her gently up, and supported her toward a bench, she yielding to his direction passively.

"You're safe, ma'am," he said. "The bull's killed."

She shivered, and then looked at him, saying:

"My brave youth, to whom do I owe—Heavens! it is he—my own—my boy!—my boy!"

And she caught Fergus in her arms, and pressed him wildly to her heart.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 809.)

A fine thought, well expressed. Such poems come from the heart as well as mind. We gladly give them space.—ED.

#### THE POET'S LESSON.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

A poet, weary with the day  
Whose muse had given birth  
To no man's song, though a lay  
Had once so near approached that he could  
almost sing it—

Sat down to think, in deep unrest,  
While yet a yearning beat his breast,  
How little of life had worth—  
How sweet a song to men he'd bring, could he  
but bring it!

It was as though all days before  
Had never been; as though far more—  
His life had not begun;

And he was waiting for the breath of song  
To give that life its genesis  
Before the day were done.

Sometimes unto us all this sickness comes—  
This weariness that words cannot disconcert;  
Something that, though we feel it, we do not know,  
By hearing, and duty which is seen;

Unto our hands: for, see our duty is to do  
Our fittest work, and leave the rest—  
Our fittest work, since that's our best.

Thus do we reason; and, when routine breaks,  
We are no gleam before, no gleam behind,  
Till it reaches us.

So, while the singer sat, he thought:  
Could he not bring with beauty fraught  
To eyes of men a song of love, of  
His day would even now be saved,  
And he might walk his evening rove,  
The way with satisfaction paved.

While thus he mused, the outer door  
Swung open, and a second more  
Revealed the figure of a man  
With streaming hair and face deep-sad,  
As forth the wonderer doled his woe,  
Implored the poet to bestow

A beggar's crust, a beggar's bed,  
Where he might rest his burning head.

It seemed as though the light of Heaven had  
Dropped upon that singer then!

His eyes were opened, and he saw—he saw, as  
A man in a pain,

These words: "The singer has come to thee!  
Arise, and of thy poverty  
Give unto him that asketh thee;  
For so thou givest unto me!"

Blest writing of the King of kings!

The poet gives, the poet sings;

And thus the day be counted lost,  
Proves worth of all his days the most.

The song he sang was not, I wis,  
A wondrous song—twas simply this!

#### Vials of Wrath:

#### THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-  
BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S  
FATE," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER LIV.—CONTINUED.

For one second, Ethel seemed rooted to the floor. Her color turned to an ashen hue and the features of her countenance seemed to actually petrify with horror, terror, surprise.

Havelstock advanced toward her, a perfectly simulated expression of delight and gladness on his face.

"Ethel! Ethel! have I found you at last! My wife—my—"

She moved her hand with a haughty gesture.

"Your wife? You have the insolence to call me wife after your behavior? Don't say that again! What is it you want of me?"

He skillfully assumed an expression of sorrowful reproach.

"What do I want of you? you can ask me that the first time you see me after my coming to you from the very jaws of death! Ethel!—what would I want of you but to find you, and take you to our home again?"

She drew back in shivering loathing.

"Never! you forfeited all right to me by your long-continued neglect. You do not, for a moment, think I do not understand all your successful schemes?"

He bit his lip under his mustache, and an unspoken curse was in his heart.

Did she know? had Viney told her?

It was a rough venture, but he decided at once to see if she really knew anything.

"My schemes! what schemes, Ethel? you call my long absence a cruel neglect when the months were passed tossing in the fever-ward of a French hospital? You call it a scheme—the awful accident that so nearly resulted in my death, that did result in the death of a companion with us; the providential rescue from the waters by a French bark, when I was unconscious and dying? You blame me, do you, Ethel, that, when eighteen months

had passed, during which time I was incapable of finding you—that I came to you the moment I heard of you. This is my welcome, Ethel—Ethel, darling, whom I have mourned day and night, who had vanished completely, whom I saw yesterday standing at the altar? Who, think you, has most cause for reproach?" His eyes were very melancholy, and his manner well-suited to add truth to his specious assertions, but Ethel's whole demeanor was untouched by either manner or words. Her slight figure was drawn to its full height, and she stood regarding him with eyes of flashing contempt.

"Tell me why I should not reproach you—if you can! Do you suppose, for a moment, I believe a word you say? Do you not know that some fine, subtle intuition made me positively sure of your pretended death, your deliberate plans to rid yourself of me—why, or for what, I do not know, or want to know. Frank, do not think to impose upon me; do not add insult to injury by daring to call me your wife."

She was radiant in her whole-souled scorn; her splendid brown eyes were flaming with a light that seemed to pierce him to the very heart; and he compressed his lips tightly as he looked at her, in all the fresh, glowing, chaste beauty he had forever put from his reach.

Yet—why forever! and with a deep inward curse against Ida and Leslie Verne, he swore she should still be.

"It is terrible to be so dismasted by you, Ethel. Have you forgotten all our glorious past—our happy, blissful life in the dear little home I gave you? Have you forgotten how you loved me, with all the fire of your nature? I never can forget."

His love was blazing higher every second, fanned to fiercer heat by the apparent hopelessness of its success.

Her voice was thrillingly low and intensely bitter when she answered.

"I have not forgotten—nor how you left me in utter friendlessness, to wrestle alone with my sorrow, to face the world and gain my living single-handed. I did it though."

"Poor little Ethel! you did grieve then, for me? There, bury the past—and let us begin again, my wife. Make a better man of me, and let me be your shield from the world. I have wealth now, Ethel, and there can be no desire of your heart or eyes that shall be ungratified."

He held out his arms, entreatingly.

"Keep your distance! You know as well as I, that I never will be more to you again than I am this minute. Spare yourself the shame of a refusal, if you have a spark of manhood left."

"How can I help it—when I love you so?"

Her lips curled.

"The word is disgusting from you—I will not hear it."

His eyes flashed hotly at that.

"You shall hear it. You are my wife, and I will claim you if I have to walk over Verne's dead—"

He stopped suddenly, biting his lips in rage at his blundering stupidity, in allowing Ethel to know he was cognizant of the actual fact of her marriage. His idea was to make her announce it herself, and his allusion to it before had been for that purpose.

Ethel's face paled with a sudden pain at her heart.

"Don't take the name of the truest, noblest man God ever gave to woman to love, on your false lips. I love him, Frank Havelstock, with a far nobler love than I ever gave you. I have learned I only gave you, in all innocent ignorance, the wild admiration your handsome face elicited. I love him with the strength of an affection purged of its dross, and chastened by suffering. After all, Frank, you unwittingly worked me great good."

As she spoke, looking at him, she shrank from the flashing wickedness of temper in his bold, black eyes.

"Your love for 'him' shall avail you nothing, unless it be a good thing to love one man and be the wife of another! You have committed a State's Prison offense. Ethel, do you know it? What do you think your haughty, high-headed lover, who thinks he is your husband, would say, if he knew that he had married another man's wife? that she was this minute talking to him?"

A pitiful anguish crept into the girl's eyes—a haunting, soul-sick distress.

"It will kill him—when he learns I am not his wife. Remember, Frank Havelstock, I know I am not his wife, and that the crime I committed was done in ignorance. I shall expire it by a life of suffering such as you never will know."

"Do I not do I not suffer every hour, every minute? and I not suffering now when I hear you freely admit you are my wife, and yet, refuse to take me for your husband?"

"You cannot comprehend it," she said, quietly. "Only those who are truly made can know. I am your lawful wife, Frank, but only in name. He whom I love, and shall love so long as I live, is nothing to me henceforth."

Her voice was husky with emotion, and her pale face, with its starry eyes, did not, by its sad wistfulness, check the hot reply that came to Havelstock's lips.

"I doubt that statement, Ethel. If the man you love is anything to you, why are you not with him? Has he discovered so soon your predilection for me, and deserted you from the altar?"

A tempest of almost ungovernable fury flashed to Ethel's eyes. Her figure swayed in the violent anger his words caused. She commanded his silence by a gesture so full of imperious authority that he paused involuntarily.

"Silence! how dare you hint such a suggestion to me—to me! Leave this room at once!"

She pointed to the door with her hand trembling with anger.

Her figure, face, attitude was eloquent with intense scorn, loathing, contempt, and Havelstock realized, for the first time, that his cause was hopeless as despair itself. He felt, with a pang of mingled rage and regret, that his influence over her was forever destroyed—and then he felt a devilish desire to humble her. He laughed aloud as he thought it.

"You are queen of high tragedy—what a tempest the boards are missing! I wonder what your mother would say if she saw you here—with me!"

"My mother! you know who my mother is?"

He smiled at the eagerness in her voice.

"I will eat at the same table with her to-day. Have you any message for her?"

His mocking eyes cut her to the core. She moaned in positive pain at the tantalizing triumph.

"God forgive you for your cruelty—I fear I never can! Will you go?"

He howled elaborately.

"At once. Our mutual friend, Viney, will call soon in his charmingly enacted role of paternal relation. I will see you again, Ethel, and then

had passed, during which time I was incapable of finding you—that I came to you the moment I heard of you. This is my welcome, Ethel—Ethel, darling, whom I have mourned day and night, who had vanished completely, whom I saw yesterday standing at the altar? Who, think you, has most cause for reproach?" His eyes were very melancholy, and his manner well-suited to add truth to his specious assertions, but Ethel's whole demeanor was untouched by either manner or words. Her slight figure was drawn to its full height, and she stood regarding him with eyes of flashing contempt.

He opened the door and departed, leaving the unfinished sentence to end in an odd smile, little knowing what really would happen when they met again.

After he had gone, Ethel sat down, trembling in every limb, with excitement as well as the fatigue of long standing.

"He knows my mother, and she is in New York! perhaps not five minutes' walk from here; while I, in the midst of trouble, trials and dangers, can only wait and pray. And God will send deliverance! I will not lose my faith and trust in this dark hour when religion ought to shine more brightly than ever before. I will remember that 'He is a very present help in times of trouble."

A quiet, patient resignation gleamed softly in her eyes, and a firm, courageous look dawned newly in her face.

"Providence helps those who help themselves" she thought. "I will at least make the attempt."

She rang the bell, and then waited quietly for the entrance of the colored woman whom she supposed would be in attendance.

She was correct in her supposition, for in several seconds a key turned in the lock, and the woman who had opened the front door for Viney entered the room.

She was a courteous, affable mulatto, dressed neatly, and possessing an air of intelligence that impressed Ethel favorably as she bowed and asked her pleasure.

"It is terrible to be so dismasted by you, Ethel. Have you forgotten all our glorious past—our happy, blissful life in the dear little home I gave you? Have you forgotten how you loved me, with all the fire of your nature? I never can forget."

"I will see to the fire, and you can tell me what it is while I am busy. I would like to stay as long as you want me, only that Mr. Vinny is very particular and suspicious."

Ethel's heart went up in a swift, agonized prayer before she answered.

"Don't you know what I want? I are a woman—let me get out of this house."

She had arisen, and was standing beside the woman, one dainty white hand laid on the brown arm, her face paler with earnestness, her eyes burning like lamps.

Julie made no reply, but there was an odd expression on her stoical face. Was it stoicism or pity? Ethel could not tell, but the simple hope that it might be pity urged her to make her plea the stronger.

"I have five hundred dollars in my purse—I have a watch and chain worth half as much—here is a pearl ring—will you take them all, and leave me free to walk out of the front door?"

Julie still stood motionless, silent with that curious, impenetrable look on her intelligent face. Ethel watched her closely; then, hastily unfastened her elegant brooch, and laid it with its heavy chain, and the tiny blue enamel watch on the table. She spread out the roll of bills in her pocket-book before the woman's eyes, expecting to see them shine with cupidity.

"Will y-u let me go? Your master is still in his room—surely all this will repay you for his displeasure. Think how you would feel if you were in my position—and let me go!"

In the earnestness of her supplication, Ethel laid her hands on the woman's eyes, expecting to see them shine with cupidity.

"The council wish to be informed of your decision," the mate said, addressing the youthful captain.

"So soon?" exclaimed the commander of the Swallow, starting toward the door. "Tell the messenger that I have not changed my mind. Let him bear my words to the council; they will be understood."

"I am not to be driven into anything. The Swallow belongs to me!"

# Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publishers, \$2.00, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms of Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One year, four months \$1.00

" " one year \$1.50

Two copies, one year \$2.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full. State the name of the paper. The paper is always shipped, promptly, at the expense of the subscriber. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

TELEGRAMS.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of a remittance. Letters by mail will be almost as safe as money.

For all communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## The Romance of Baltimore, VIZ.: THE CROSS OF CARLYON,

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

is necessarily thrown over to the next issue,  
when the first chapters of this

DEEPLY EXCITING STORY OF REAL LIFE  
will be given. It will command unusual notice from all who delight in the highly dramatic in action and the strong in character.

## A GLORIOUS STORY OF THE "Time That Tried Men's Souls!"

In No. 322 will commence

## Nick o' the Night, THE BOY SPY OF '76.

BY CAPT. CHAS. HOWARD.

An unusually effective and exciting romance of the Revolution, in which Marion and his Men, and other noted historic personages play a "telling" part. Just the story for the times, enticing as a story and as instructive as the historic page in its pictures, situations and characters. The more of such romances that are read the warmer grows our patriotism.

## Sunshine Papers.

### LOVERS.

If one uses that word to designate, entirely, the beings of the male sex who are inspired by the tender passion, it is quite safe to assert that they are an altogether awful set!

Oh, do not be so shocked, my dear young man, nor betray such evident signs of intense disapprobation. Really, you will quite withdraw beneath your severe regard and rebuking displeasure. And, if you do that, you have no idea what an opportunity you will have lost of beholding the best photograph of yourself you ever had taken. Why, you could bestow it upon your sweethearts and she would recognize it instantly; she would not have to wait to examine the angle at which the hair is parted, the tie of the cravat, the size of the stripes in the pantaloons, the style of the shirt studs, the number of hairs in the mustache, and all those little et ceteras, before exclaiming,

"Oh dear George, it's you! What a love of a picture! What a charming likeness!" etc., etc.

No indeed! the "sweet creature" would instantly cry:

"What a horrid old thing must have drawn such a picture. My lover isn't anything like that; you know I do not think so, don't you, sweetest?" or pet, or darling, or supply the name yourself; you know it best. "But just let me have it a little time, George. I'll give it back to-morrow. I want to show it to Jessie, etc."

Of course you cannot refuse the pretty pleadings. \* \* \* A long delicious silence at the door, broken only by sighs and—well, suspicious little coughs after them; and then the "sweet creature" rushes up-stairs to Jessie, who is just getting ready for bed, and says:

"Did you ever see anything so perfect? Is it not the most truthful description in the world? I could not have written George up better, myself, though, of course, I made him believe it was a scandalous lie!" And then the "sweet creature" and Jessie nearly choke with laughter until the tears brim in their bright eyes and it seems as if their pretty little forms would shake themselves, perforce, out of dainty little frills, and muslins, and whalebones, and embroideries, and fixings generally.

And such is the truth. Dreadfully plainly put, I know, but I would save all innocent lovers from deceiving themselves with self-conceit and so growing "puffed up," like the little frog in the story. You know what a shocking fate he brought upon himself. And now that you are, for your own good, kindly and solemnly assured of the way in which the "sweet creature" will date upon this latest picture of you, take my advice and don't "let your angry passions rise" but just accept the gift for once, of seeing yourself as others see you.

I repeat that lovers of the male gender are an altogether awful set. I would add that they may be added into several distinct classes. For convenience's sake, as well as for a slight suggestiveness about the nomenclature, we will designate the respective members of each class. Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. Of course the true and accomplished lover has experienced every distinctive phase of the tender passion as peculiar to each of these classes, and is a thorough B. A.—bachelor of arts—until he becomes the lord and master of some dear feminine, when, the chances are, he proves an A. B.—artless Benedict?

Lovers who belong to the Freshman class are awkward, cowardly, and embarrassed, to a pitiful degree. They are distressingly shy about addressing the admired fair one and are so frustrated when they do that they are quite unconscious that she has a name and that their remarks would be graced by an occasional use of it. They are given to rush of blood to the head, downcast eyes, stammering speech, a slight aroma of the nursery in a frequent sneeze. "Yes" or "No, ma'am," awkward pauses, embarrassed silences. They tread on toes and trains, and lift their hats at the wrong time, and grow too nervous for apologies. They get wretched and uncomfortable when other youths approach their immorata, yet will be, unpro-

testingly, put off with holding her fan or gloves while she chats gayly or dances happily with fortunate mortals less in love. How some such forlorn swains do, occasionally, blunder through an avowal of love in one of the great mysteries of life only known to the unhappy listener; for that the Freshmen, themselves, should be able to tell, afterward, how it came about, would be quite as impossible as for a latter-day politician to tell how he got suddenly rich.

From Sophomore lovers, angels and ministers of grace defend us! The Freshman awakens pity, and pity is akin to love; but the Sophomore only affords amusement, and even amusement gets horribly wearisome when it is ceaseless; and the elaborate ridiculousness of the Sophomore knows no end. He is an epitome of self-assurance, egotism, sentiment, lordliness, and vain-glory. He is particular as to the cut of his clothes, and the direct central part of his hair, and spends hours in tying his cravats, and no end of time in petting his juvenile mustache, and quotes poetry by the volume, and sings sentimental ditties by the scores. He imagines himself greatly admired, believes himself worthy of religious adoration, is inclined to assert considerable freedom and allow none, and is altogether consequential, condescending, and complacent.

The Junior lover is harder to manage; indeed, he is troublesome in the extreme. He would fain be with his lady "every day and hour." He knows of no happiness out of her presence and fondly imagines her experience is identical with his own. He is jealous of her female friends and—it is not best for him to know that she has any friends of the opposite sex. He would call upon her seven evenings a week, and stay until the "wee sma' hours" each evening, quite oblivious of the fact that her health, and endurance, and good nature are put to a fearful test. His pleasure is in having her all to himself, so he seldom consents hers. If he takes her out, bringing her home he has not the slightest regard for her weariness or her new hat. He ruins the shoulders of her dresses with his head, spots her silk basques with his moist hands, and crushes the puffs and flounces of her skirts sitting close to her. He tortures her lips until they are "chapped," and her hair until it tumbles out of place, and she looks like a regular guy when a second caller is announced. And through all the time that the visitor remains he is sarcastic, frowning and taciturn, until the lady is ashamed and her friend affronted. Afterward he indulges in an eruption of passionate repentance, only to act the same in the next like case.

But the Senior lover is not to be managed at all. He manages. He is an absolute tyrant. He is studiously polite and chivalrous, and obedient of every little comfort and pleasure that he can afford his lady-love. He never wears her with his warmth or his protracted stays. He is perfectly self-mastering, and fury and pleading are alike subservient to the attention he chooses to accord them. He is never in the wrong; but is constantly finding opportunity for reproof and, when the penitent is sufficiently humble, for bestowing pardon. He is maddeningly oblivious of all attempts to tease or make jeas'ous, and torturingly superior always. Neither emotional nor cold, his lady-love is his child, his slave, his amusement, an object for his analysis and dissection. Yet these coldly, self-controlled, calm, commanding, analytical B. A.'s of loverdom are by far the most powerful and successful lovers among women.

But from them all—why was that much needed plea omitted from the Litany?—"Good Lord deliver us!"

### A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### THREE PROVERBS.

"THE DAWN of day has gold in its mouth." Those who would succeed must commence early in life to begin to lay the foundation of that fortune we are all so anxious to secure.

There will be more ambition, more eager ness and desire to push ahead, because youth is really a spring-time of life and the most proper time to sow the seed that shall ripen in the ground ere we become too old to enjoy the harvest.

Besides, if you make a mistake and his plane prove disastrous failures, it will not be so hard to commence again as it would for one who has outgrown his ambition.

The thrifty farmer well knows the value of the early morning hours, and you do not find him idling his hours in bed when he should be at work, for he is well aware how much elasticity there is in the morning breeze and how the heat is less fierce than later in the day, and that, refreshed as he has been by a good night's rest, he can work with a will and good courage.

Certainly it must bring him gold, or its equivalent, this work while he is in the very condition of labor.

Morning hours are not valued enough. The sun finds too many sluggards—too many drones—too many people who are going to rise in "just a minute," but whose minute expands into an hour and sometimes two or three hours, until the best part of the day is gone and much good that might have been accomplished has been left undone. If you seek for gold, seek it by working for it and seeking it "early in the morning."

"Such as boast much usually fail much." This proverb is proof positive of the reason why there are so many bunglers in every profession, and why their work is so much like botchwork. The mass of humanity puffs itself up with the idea that it can accomplish more, and do it better, than any other individual, or set of individuals under the sun, and is not very reticent about letting other people know the egotistic value it sets upon its own endeavors. So much boasting is sickening, and renders the boaster a pest and a bore to the community, and we feel like whispering in his ear—"on their own merits modest men are dumb"—but a boaster is never dumb; he talks you into a fever, and his egotism is only equalized by his assurance. He is so pleased at hearing himself talk that he fancies every one else must be as pleased to hear him.

The guide said he hadn't the smallest intu ition about him that he ever did.

I told him that I felt that if I lived there one year I should feel in a measure that I was a step-father of my country, without doubt.

I was shown the very mantelpiece where he used to put his heroic feet as ornaments in the good old days of yore. It was too affecting, and I had to rely on my handkerchief to sustain me.

I was shown the very table from which he used to eat and growl at the cook because the biscuit were not loyalty done, and firm in principle to the core. I almost wished to eat off that table myself, had there been any jurnal ornaments on it in the shape of vials. How many cups of coffee did he knock over on that table and then blame his wife for it? But such thoughts are disloyal.

Then I saw the very bed on which he slept. What nightmares tampered with Freedom over those counterpanes? But I draw the curtains.

I was shown the sword that he drew in the service of his country and not in a lottery, as is stated. There was his gun that never went off unless it went after an Indian or a red-coat.

It was with the deepest meditation of a true and devoted son of his country, that I halted to look upon one of the greatest mementoes of the lamented Washington, embodied in a boot-jack. Had he ever thrown that at a dog at night? Had his foot ever slipped out, and, taking him on the other leg, reminded him that he was mortal, while he hopped around on the other foot? I sighed at the too-much-utileness of these solemn thoughts, and my guide led me away by the coat-tail to show me the armchair in which he used to sit. As I sat in it I began to feel as big as G. W. I thought I was G. W. and ordered Cornwallis to surrender on any terms. The guide shook me and said I must not go to sleep via that chair. I told him that was the best route I had ever found.

Then I tried on his old plug hat, white, and really felt prouder than I would had I put on King George's crown. It was too large for my head by several years, but had I possessed the head that once filled it, I would have given—well I would have given my head in exchange.

"Forgiveness brings forgetfulness." There is neither use nor pleasure in holding malice or anger against any one. Withholding our forgiveness makes us no better, and it does make

us less Christianlike toward one another. We have so much to be forgiven ourselves that we ought to be charitable enough to forgive others. One who bears animosity is not a happy personage, for his sour looks are enough to repel any one. He is unhappy himself because he is not willing to overlook many petty trifles which he considers mountains of grievance and offenses; he is not manly enough to meet his supposed enemy, and, with magnanimity, exclaim: "Let us forgive the wrongs of each; let us bury the past in utter and total forgetfulness." We are apt to take offense when none is meant—to believe ourselves to be in the right when we are actually in the wrong—to think ourselves ill used when we are treated better than we deserve to be. We "flare up" too quickly, but we are not inclined to quench the fire of our anger so suddenly. Quarrels could be got over in less time if we were not so stubborn and self-willed, thinking that every one should crave forgiveness of us and we ask pardon of no one. This cherishing and nurturing of ill feelings in the human breast has caused many a headache, while the policy of forgiving and forgetting might have led to peace and happiness.

EVE LAWLESS.

I went out and was shown where George made a jump of sixteen feet; you could see where his heels landed and slipped up. In the course of years the distance has shrunk some feet, but the weather has at times been very bad.

I could not see where his name came up from the ground in living cabbages, and really never took much *stalk* in that story. I remember the inclosure, for such *stalks*—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MS. which are imperforate and which are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" or "third, length." Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter. —Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and competitor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its *ello* or page number. —A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use. —All experienced and popular writers will find no easier way to give their offerings early attention. —Correspondents must look to this column for all information regarding contributions. —We can not write letters except in special cases. Correspondents will find replies to queries in the paper less than three weeks after receipt of the inquiry. To reply sooner is impossible.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Topics of the Time.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### A Visit to Mount Vernon.

I do not know what came over me. I felt all at once as if I didn't care much for my country. I couldn't muster up spirit enough to sit out on the fence and think of nothing but the glorious land of liberty, and stifle the night with an occasional yell for the Fourth of July. I even thought I might soon become so traitorous as to sell my country for a few hundred millions to some British land-buyer and put the money in my pocket. In vain did I poultice my head with Fourth of July speeches, boiling over with the oil of freedom. In vain did I chew old copies of the Declaration, and also vainly did I strive to read nothing but the *Constitution* of the United States. I was all to no purpose. I began to forget that I was a son of my forefathers. The battle of Bunker Hill seemed but a small fistulic in my mind, and *Plutus* announced that a *Centurion* in *Plutus* was an empty name.

—All at once I took a notion to go to Mount Vernon, as one goes to some watering-place, for a relief from a malady. I started on the spur of the moment, and the railroad cars. I had hardly arrived on the grounds and sat down on a stile to rest, until I found a strange feeling creeping over me. I thought it a symptom of returning love for my country, but I discovered it was a flea. Many of our politicians find out it is a flea.

Here, I thought, was the very earth that Washington had trod upon when he was alive. I wanted to take a handful of it. Yes, I went further in my reverence for him that—I wanted to take the whole farm. I think that the whole farm would have satisfied the passionate demand of my star-spangled feelings.

Wrapt in patriotic meditations I ran against a tree with my nose until I shed heroic blood for my country, and on looking up I beheld before me the celebrated cherry tree that George cut down with his little hatchet; it was very large; a man could hide behind it, and, unless you happened to look on the side where he was, you could not find him for all day.

There was the very well where George used to get water to weaken it with. When I took a drink of it I was permeated with an irresistible desire to be a cabinet officer.

I was shown a footprint of G. W.'s near the mud; it was about as large as my idea of greatness had pictured. Heavy rains occasionally wash it away, but they always leave it again and put it back after a great deal of labor.

There were the very trees which he used to sleep under when he would go out to work in the garden, and dream of his country, which was his son.

"And this," I said, "is the house where he resided!" Quite a nice looking old house. I could have boarded there myself if I could have got it without paying for it.

G. W. used to go in and out of that very door, I said to my guide.

Certainly he did; how else could he get out? Did you think he left by the windows? returned the guide.

I was too full to reply.

I wondered if he ever passed away a quiet hour in sliding down those banisters, or slipped on the stairs and came bumping down, feet first.

The guide said he hadn't the smallest intu ition about him that he ever did.

I told him that I felt that if I lived there one year I should feel in a measure that I was a step-father of my country, without doubt.

I was shown the very mantelpiece where he used to put his heroic feet as ornaments in the good old days of yore. It was too affecting, and I had to rely on my handkerchief to sustain me.

I was shown the sword that he drew in the service of his country and not in a lottery, as is stated. There was his gun that never went off unless it went after an Indian or a red-coat.

It was with the deepest meditation of a true and devoted son of his country, that I halted to look upon one of the greatest mementoes of the lamented Washington, embodied in a boot-jack. Had he ever thrown that at a dog at night? Had his foot ever slipped out, and, taking him on the other leg, reminded him that he was mortal, while he hopped around on the other foot? I sighed at the too-much-utileness of these solemn thoughts, and my guide led me away by the coat-tail to show me the armchair in which he used to sit. As I sat in it I began to feel as big as G. W. I thought I was G. W. and ordered Cornwallis to surrender on any terms. The guide shook me and said I must not go to sleep via that chair. I told him that was the best route I had ever found.

Then I tried on his old plug hat, white, and really felt prouder than I would had I put on King George's crown. It was too large for my head by several years, but had I possessed the head that once filled it, I would have given—well I would have given my head in exchange.

"Forgiveness brings forgetfulness." There is neither use nor pleasure in holding malice or anger against any one. Withholding our forgiveness makes us no better, and it does make

##

THE COURT OF DEATH.

A VISION.

Suggested by the study of Rembrandt Peale's painting.

BY RUSTICUS.

"Deep in a murky cave's recess,  
Laved by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenced  
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors  
Of yew and cypress shade; from all obtrusion  
Of busy noontide beam, the monarch sits.  
In unsubstantial majesty."—BISHOP PORTUS.

As drowsy Morphous waked my sense in sleep;  
And captive left with his magic wand,  
Methuselah wandered in a cavern deep  
And full of horrors. Wandered on the strand  
Of a dark, rolling, sluggish, listless stream,  
Unlighted by a single noontide beam.  
Astrucked, on the awful scene I gazed,  
With wonder, fear and interest filled.

And then a soft, pale radiance 'round me shone;  
A faint celestial light by my side—  
"See! 'Mark, follow me,'" in every tone:  
I eager follow my immortal guide.  
Deep in the inner courts my steps he led,  
And, seating me, "Look long well," he said.  
"And mark the scenes you misty vail unfolds,  
For the grim monarch, Death, his court here

The mystic vail now slowly, softly rose,  
And I beheld the monarch, stern and grim;  
A look inflexible his features froze.

The pale and shadowy light e'en could not dim.  
His foot he rests upon a youthful corpse;  
The which, to show the mystery of his source  
And end of all, he caused to rise now leaves  
Olivine's stream, with dark and murky waves;  
And, close attendants on his either hand,  
His active, tireless agents, waiting stand.

First War, in full-clad mail with reeking sword;  
His victim gasping in the throes of death;  
The Widow and the Orphan on the sword,  
Tramped by his feet, and, scorched by fiery breath  
Of Conflagration, following close with blazing brand.

Lighting with flames the subjugated land.  
Upon her footsteps follow close and fast,  
Two weird and ghastly figures flitting past.

The first with lurid eyes, and nose compressed  
Between his fingers, to protect his sense  
From naught but death, that lay him rest.  
Strife's attendant—deadly Pestilence.  
And ever by his side, with pinched face,  
And sunken eyes, came Famine on, apace—  
A ghastly pair, whose horrors aggravate  
The countries fair by war left desolate.

At Death's right hand a youthful form I saw,  
With features flushed: intoxication a fire;  
Intemperance, transgression a law,  
And, clinging to his British, fierce desire;  
And at his feet a graceful figure knelt  
With owing eye. His flimsy scruples melt;  
He grasps the cup, perfumed with Pleasure's breath:

Her wildering presence hides the face of Death.

And in the distance other forms now pass;

"Remorse, his never failing bane, tearing his heart;

"Delirium to the Sane"—as he lay.

It is the blood run o'er his bosom bare,

Whence he had drawn the dagger from his heart;

Now crippled Gout appears, with groan and smart,

Hobbling toward his monarch's awful throne, and next Despair, with hollow eye and groan.

With hectic flush Consumption drag along;

And Fever, burning hot, searing eyes;

And Apoplexy, starting in the wrong;

With typhus plague on the ground he lies.

And Hypochondria, her woeeful face,

New horrors add unto this awful place—

So full of sights and sounds of fearful woe,

My shuddering blood congeals its wonted flow.

Turning unto my bright celestial guide,

I said, "Well-named the 'King of Terrors,'

None from his awful agents e'er can hide;

He withers all mankind with baleful breath."

"Hold!" he replied, "nor judge before you go;

Another scene more pleasing I will show.

I've shown the monarch's terrors to your view;

I'll show you Death, the benefactor, too."

I looked, and saw a Christian sage appear;

Fairly and nobly born, and with arms—

But with the weight of many a weary year;

Secure in Christian strength from all alarms,

With arms outstretched, he welcomes the grim king.

Who from his illa deliverance will bring.

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting?" triumphantly cries he.

"Oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

I started up to speak when lo! my eyes,

Erst by sleep, with wakewfulness now gleam;

And scarce believing as I half-prise,

That what I saw had been a passing dream.

And yet, not all a dream, for waking thought

Now comes the lesson that the dream had taught:

So live, when Death's dread summons comes, that he

Shall not the conqueror, but the conquered be!

The Men of '76.

GATES.  
The Conqueror of Burgoyne.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

HORATIO GATES, like Charles Lee, was an Englishman, and bred to arms in the British service. Born in 1728, he entered the army at an early age and served with credit. When the "Old French War" broke out (certainly not the "Old French War" to Great Britain, for it was but a renewal of hostilities temporarily healed between Britain and France by the poor peace of Aix-la-Chapelle) Gates' regiment was quartered in Halifax. It came down to Virginia to form part of Braddock's army and was present at the bloody defeat (July 9th, 1755) when Braddock was slain and Washington's skill, woodcraft, knowledge and cool bravery saved the remnant of the army from slaughter and the scalping knife. Gates was then severely wounded but was fortunate enough not to have been left—as were many of his comrades—on the crimson field, to be scalped and tomahawked. That wound kept him from service until the descent of the British army on the French island of Martinique (January, 1762). In this enterprise as major and aide to General Monckton, he served with gallantry. Peace between the two great nations came in 1763, when many English officers settled in America.

Among these was Gates, who, taking up a body of land in Berkley county, Virginia, became a successful planter. Of fine appearance, pleasing manners and accomplished mind, he soon was very popular, and, as the "differences" with Great Britain increased he pronounced in his sympathy for the colonies. When war was inevitable he tendered his services and was with Washington at Cambridge, (1775,) as his adjutant.

Gates, early in the war, betrayed the ambition to lead and not be led, which, by antagonizing himself with Washington, tarnished his otherwise honorable record. He had made strong friends in Congress, and, by his evident military skill and attested experience, as well as by his courtly address, had made friends in the army, so that a "Gates faction" was, as early as 1776, pretty well defined. Washington's refusal to concede him a general's command gave rise to a Congressional interference, which assigned Gates to the army of the North (June, 1776) where General Sullivan was striving to reorganize after the disasters of the campaign against Canada. He repaired to headquarters at Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, but soon abandoned the post, leaving the English masters on the lake, much to Washington's displeasure. The English swept the lake, of course, and threatened the invasion which soon followed.

Failing to regain the lost supremacy, by

Arnold's brilliant exploits on the water, he relinquished the command to Schuyler, only to return to it when Burgoyne's descent from the North menaced, with disaster, the patriot cause. That he was again assigned the army of the North was due to that influence in Congress which, because of Gates' thorough military education, regarded him as the only man qualified to confront British veterans, with the finest train of artillery yet seen in America, which Burgoyne led. Philip Schuyler—brave, wise, and vigilant—had got together, after immense labor and sacrifice, the elements of defense necessary to confront the invader when relieved of the command, and Gates took his position to find the means nearly prepared for the work to be done.

Burgoyne met with no check until his detachment at Bennington was defeated by the grand old John Stark. That defeat and loss of necessary supplies was but a loud warning for him to beware of the lion he had aroused. The country was all in arms. Old Stark with his "Green Mountain Boys" proved to the militia that veterans and artillery could be beaten by pluck and vigilance, and Burgoyne, little by little, as he advanced south, became conscious of the tremendous mistake he had made in allowing himself to be isolated in the enemy's country. All he could do was to get into good position and beat the Americans in a pitched battle and then retire as he had come—for to make his way to New York city, or to effect a junction with Sir Henry Clinton, coming up from below by land or water, soon grew to be hopeless, considering Washington's strength on the line of the Hudson.

August 21st, 1777, Gates reached the American camp and headquarters at Stillwater, N. Y., where, end long, ten thousand fighting men were in readiness for the trial of strength; Dan Morgan was there, with his "invincibles"; Arnold was there; Lincoln with 2,000 New England men was daily expected, and the noble Polish exile, Kosciusko, was the field engineer in charge.

Burgoyne, crossing the Hudson, September 14th, encamped near Saratoga, only three miles from the American army. On the 19th the first trial took place by a brilliant, steady, well-planned attack by Burgoyne, brought on by the conflict of advanced guards—reinforcements going forward from either army until all were engaged. It was a battle of successes and reverses for both parties. The British were broken in disorder and retired only to beat back their pursuers, and when night came nothing definite was decided. The Americans had learned one thing, however, that they were equal, man for man, to their enemy.

Skirmishes, sharp and bloody, filled up the interval until October 7th, when Burgoyne had to fight and decide the day, or capitulate to hunger.

The Americans, under General Poor, struck the enemy on the front and left, Dan Morgan on the right, when the action became general, and in fifty-two minutes from the first shot the enemy was driven from his entire line. The British fought with splendid intrepidity; their officers and generals were in the points of peril; but nothing could withstand those terrible American rifles, and the astounding audacity of Morgan's and Stark's men. Arnold, having no command, rode like a mad spirit between the two armies and as by a miracle escaped death. When the British broke he headed a storm party and pursued the enemy into their very camp. His horse was killed under him and he borne off, badly wounded.

Gates, wary and sagacious, resolved to have nothing by attacking the enemy in strong position, but to inclose his antagonist and make him fight his way out. This compelled Burgoyne to abandon his strong location, which he did that night, removing to Saratoga, six miles up the river, and abandoning his hospitals with all the sick and wounded. His enemy was alert, and anticipating an attempt to retreat to Fort Edward, or Lake George, Gates had so well guarded every avenue that the British generals had to succumb or starve. Burgoyne tried negotiations, but Gates was firm for an unconditional capitulation, and on the 17th informed the Briton that he must sign articles of capitulation or fight. The articles were signed and that once proud English army marched out by regiments and laid down its arms. The number surrendered was 5,762 men, which, with their previous losses, made up the number to 9,213, besides 35 brass field guns and all the splendid equipage of a lieutenant-general's army.

Clinton having essayed a movement from below, at the news of this great reverse, returned hastily to New York. All the garrisons on Lakes George and Champlain withdrew and thus left the north once more free from British presence.

Gates was now "the most popular man in America." His fame filled all the land. Congress voted him a sword, and then was given form to the scheme to dispossess Washington and make Horatio Gates Commander-in-Chief.

This scheme, known as the "Conway cabal," had a powerful following in Congress, for a while, but when any spoke the intriguers were covered with scorn, and Gates suffered greatly for his evident ascent to an attempt to dislodge Washington. The history of that cabal only afforded a striking proof that no great nation is exempt from envy, hatred and malice.

This affair, and Gates' unwillingness to act as second in any movement, kept him from active service until the great disasters in the Carolinas in 1779-80. Then the necessity for heading off Cornwallis in his work of devastation and subjugation, again constrained the War Committee of Congress to invest the conqueror of Burgoyne with the comparatively independent field of the South. Thither he proceeded, reaching the American camp at Deep River, July 25th, 1780, where he found a mixed force of about 3,600, under the good and trusty Baron De Kalb, who was with the British presence.

"My father!" faltered Maiblume, petrified with horror. "Oh! I must go with him." And she darted from the room to throw on the remainder of her wardrobe.

Cola sat on the edge of her bed looking at her pretty, rosy feet, as they peeped from under the hem of what she would have termed her robe de nuit.

At that moment Maiblume's maid entered, terror-stricken.

"Oh, Miss Verne," said she, bursting into tears, "master has gone down to the beach to try and save some of the poor folks off the wreck, and the sea is like a boiling pot. I can see the big waves rolling in from the door."

"Listen!" whispered Maiblume, turning her pale, awed face toward the window, all draped with green leaves, all glistened over with diamond-drops.

The deep mouthed roar of a cannon close at hand wrung a scream of terror from Cola.

"What is it, then, ma soeur? Whence comes the cannonade?" cried she, huddling on her clothes in trembling haste.

"A steamer has been wrecked on the bar," answered Maiblume; "she is signaling for help."

She looked round for Maiblume, but she had entered.

"She is gone, now! Don't you hear her?" cried she, nestling down on her pillows again.

"Listen!" whispered Maiblume, turning her pale, awed face toward the window, all draped with green leaves, all glistened over with diamond-drops.

The deep mouthed roar of a cannon close at hand wrung a scream of terror from Cola.

"What is it, then, ma soeur? Whence comes the cannonade?" cried she, huddling on her clothes in trembling haste.

"A steamer has been wrecked on the bar," answered Maiblume; "she is signaling for help."

She looked round for Maiblume, but she had entered.

"She is gone, now! Don't you hear her?" cried she, nestling down on her pillows again.

"Listen!" whispered Maiblume, turning her pale, awed face toward the window, all draped with green leaves, all glistened over with diamond-drops.

The deep mouthed roar of a cannon close at hand wrung a scream of terror from Cola.

"What is it, then, ma soeur? Whence comes the cannonade?" cried she, huddling on her clothes in trembling haste.

"A steamer has been wrecked on the bar," answered Maiblume; "she is signaling for help."

She looked round for Maiblume, but she had entered.

"She is gone, now! Don't you hear her?" cried she, nestling down on her pillows again.

"Listen!" whispered Maiblume, turning her pale, awed face toward the window, all draped with green leaves, all glistened over with diamond-drops.

The deep mouthed roar of a cannon close at hand wrung a scream of terror from Cola.

"What is it, then, ma soeur? Whence comes the cannonade?" cried she, huddling on her clothes in trembling haste.

"A steamer has been wrecked on the bar," answered Maiblume; "she is signaling for help."

She looked round for Maiblume, but she had entered.

"She is gone, now! Don't you hear her?" cried she, nestling down on her pillows again.

"Listen!" whispered Maiblume, turning her pale, awed face toward the window, all draped with green leaves, all glistened over with diamond-drops.

The deep mouthed roar of a cannon close at hand wrung a scream of terror from Cola.

"What is it, then, ma soeur? Whence comes the cannonade?" cried she, huddling on her clothes in trembling haste.

"A steamer has been wrecked on the bar," answered Maiblume; "she is signaling for help."

She looked round for Maiblume, but she had entered.

"She is gone, now! Don't you hear her?" cried she, nestling down on her pillows again.

"Listen!" whispered Maiblume, turning her pale, awed face toward the window, all draped with green leaves, all glistened over with diamond-drops.

The deep mouthed roar of a cannon close at hand wrung a scream of terror from Cola.

"What is it, then, ma soeur? Whence comes the cannonade?" cried she, huddling on her clothes in trembling haste.

"A steamer has been wrecked on the bar," answered Maiblume; "she is signaling for help."

She looked round for Maiblume, but she had entered.

"She is gone, now! Don't you hear her?" cried she,

of society, Maiblume's hand rests, as when we first saw her, upon Mr. Stanley's arm, only frigid words pass between the two, and Love stands aloof with folded wings, shivering in the chilly atmosphere.

Yet, thanks be to Heaven for the eternal law of compensation!

Cola, skimming by Mr. Verne's side as when first we saw her, beams warm as Aurora, and the man basks in the glow!

Maiblume, robed in palest rose-velvet, half covered with crepe of the tenderest ash hue, with a simple diamond star on her brow, and another on her motionless breast, looks like the chilly Jungfrau which the last gleams of departing light warm into a pallid and evanescent glow, while the gray mists shroud it, and the evening star shines down upon it, glittering and frosty pure.

Cola, wearing a grand train of pomegranate-colored satin, draped with rich black lace, with little flame-twinkling at her ears, strings of sparks round her neck and wrists, a burnished serpent coiled about her waist, and a little blazing parrot, with jewel eyes and spread wings and tail, oscillating in her hair, reminded one of some enchantress clothed with lurid fire and gilt with smoke-wreaths.

And now, why has Cola neglected Mr. Wylie's warning? Why is she here still, among her friends?

Stay, then, we shall explain. Like the storm of that dread morning, the evil shadows seem to have fled, and the scene is changed from gloom to glitter.

Mr. Wylie has been persuaded to grant Mademoiselle De Vouze one week of grace, before he hunts her from his home by certain disclosures which he has proved to her he can make.

Shocked by the frightful sights she witnessed on the beach, this tender birdling of the Verne nest has begged her benefactors to take her back to New York so earnestly, that they have obediently folded their tents and left Stormcliff, with only a day's notice to the domestic force at home. That glimpse of George Laurie gallantly breasting the swollen tide for the sake of the perishing strangers, has almost broken the heart of Barthold Verne. Those noble words of George's, and that harrowing sight of his face, has turned poor Mai-blume to ice, hopeless yet patient. They are both glad to fly from a spot endeared and embittered by the passionate affection which they have lavished on one whom their hearts still cling to, in spite of all their heads can say.

Cola has faithfully promised Nowell Wylie that, at the end of the week dedicated to unspoken adieu to the friends she adores, she will disappear from their lives—never more to be seen or heard of. What does she here, then, in these magnificent robes; the rich bloom on her cheek, the electric fire in her eye, seductive smiles and words upon her blood-red lips?

Follow her closely! (To be continued—commenced in No. 318.)

#### THE SEA.

BY "FELIX" BROWNE.

Beat, beat, beat,  
On the green rocks at my feet,  
You hungry, eager sea!  
I know you are calling, calling,  
But I will not come to thee!

Moan, break and dash,  
Your waves with thundering crash:  
You are safely caged, how'er you rage,  
You treacherous, cruel sea!

#### Kansas King: OR, THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WM. F. CODY),  
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY-EYE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT"; "THE PRAIRIE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### THE SPECTER OF THE VALLEY.

WHEN Red-Hand set forth upon his trip, alone, he wended his way in the direction of the Ramsey settlement, going toward the point which Pearl had urged him to avoid, on account of the weird stories among the Indians that a spirit haunted the valley.

As he rode along, mounted upon Bad Burke's steed, a really fine animal, the moon arose in brilliant beauty upon the wild scenery, and shed a bright light upon lofty hill, rocky gorge and lovely vale.

The story of the spirit of the valley haunted the Scout's memory with weird and bitter thoughts, for he remembered the grave made in the valley, and the apparition he had seen there after he had consigned the body of Boyd Bernard to its last resting-place.

Often had Red-Hand endeavored to convince himself that the sight was but a phantom of his troubled brain; but no; it came too vividly before him in form, gesture and song, and he felt that if he had not seen a spirit from the shadowy land, he had certainly beheld a woman.

Yet—who could this woman be who had thus been with Boyd Bernard, living alone in the wild Black Hills?

He entered the narrow gorge, the inlet to the accursed valley, and the silvery light of the moon caused every tree and boulder to stand forth in phantom-like shadow, but Red-Hand was not of a superstitious nature. Nerving himself to what was before him, he urged his steed forward at a swifter pace.

Down the valley he rode for half a mile and then the shadowy hill and large tree at its base, both of which were photographed upon his mind, loomed up before him.

Beneath that tree was Boyd Bernard's grave.

Nearer and nearer he drew toward the lonely spot, and then, suddenly, his horse snorted wildly, and wheeled as quick as a flash.

Checking the steed the Scout endeavored to urge him forward, but in vain; the animal would not move an inch, but stood trembling like a whipped cur.

Springing to the ground, Red-Hand tied the nose of the animal down to his legs so that he could not get way from him, and then muttering to himself,

"I'll solve this mystery, if I die in the attempt," he turned once more toward the tree.

Then even the brave Scout halted, for, standing at the head of the grave of Boyd Bernard was a slender form clothed in white, one arm stretched forth toward him, as if waving him back, and the masses of hair hanging down the back proved that it was a woman who thus guarded the grave.

The moonlight fell full upon her, and with

a shudder he felt that it was the apparition he had beheld the night of his first coming into the valley, and which had caused him to fly in very fear from the Black Hills, when he had expected to spend a month in exploring that unknown region.

"I must go forward now; yes, I must face yonder specter, be it what it may," and having nervously himself to action Red-Hand walked boldly forward.

Nearer and nearer to the tree he drew, until the glimmer of the dark eyes were almost visible, and then he stopped short, for a strangely sad voice, striving to be firm, cried out:

"Hold! let not the foot of any man desecrate this sacred spot."

"Great God! where have I heard that voice before?"

"No, it is not, it cannot be—for she is dead; yes, dead by her own hand," and the Scout trembled with the emotion that swept over him.

"Lady, I would not desecrate the resting-place of the dead, yet I would know why you so jealously guard the grave of Boyd Bernard!" and the Scout spoke in his deep, distinct tones.

As he commenced speaking a sudden change was visible in the woman; her form bent forward and her ear was turned as if to catch every word, while her right fore-finger was pressed against her lips.

Then, in a voice that was nothing more than a hoarse whisper, she said:

"I guard his grave because I loved him—did you know Boyd Bernard?"

"Ay, Ay, I, lady! He wrecked my life."

"Your life!" Ha, ha, ha! I know you now, Vincent Vernon; I know you now in spite of the years that have swept over your accused soul," almost shrieked the woman, raising both hands wildly above her head.

"Good! God! Grace, has the grave given you, or are you a phantom from the shadow of the land?" cried Red-Hand, starting toward the woman.

"Back! you red-handed murderer! Back! I say back! and do not pollute this sacred spot.

"No, I am not from the grave, and I lied to you when I said I would take my life."

"Ha, ha, ha—no, why do I laugh? it is hollow mockery for me to laugh and—but, what do you here, thou accursed?"

"Ha! now I know why by whose hand poor Boyd fell—away! away! No, no, no, do not go, but stay until I tear from you your coward heart."

In wild frenzy the woman rushed toward the Scout, a knife gleaming in her uplifted hand, and her whole bearing that of one gone mad.

Like a statue stood Red-Hand, his hands hanging listlessly by his side, his eyes bent with fixed stare upon the woman, and his whole manner that of a man struck dumb by some startling discovery, some terrible shock that had wholly unnerved him for the slightest motion.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### A DEATH-SCENE IN THE VALLEY.

On rushed the mad woman upon the Scout, and still he stood passive, seemingly unconscious of his danger, or unmindful of her presence, for his head was lowered upon his breast and his eyes downcast.

A few rapid bounds, a frenzied laugh, and the mad woman faced the Scout.

The arm was still poised in the air, the gleaming blade threatening instant death, and the glaring eyes, wild with madness; yet the Scout moved not. Then, with a weird cry of revengeful joy the knife began to descend, swifly pointed at the heart of Red-Hand.

The shot awoke the Scout from his apathy, and with a cry of alarm he sprang forward, crying "Grace! Grace! you are hurt."

"Back, sir! do not pollute me with your touch. Ha! still I have hope of revenge," cried the woman, and she drew with her left hand from her belt a pistol and quickly fired it in the face of Red-Hand, who staggered back, bewildered by the flash, but uninjured.

Believing that she had slain the man she seemed to hate, the unhappy woman almost shrieked out:

"Now, comrade, I have much to thank you for; but we must not linger here, for the living demand our care."

"Some day I will make known to you the story of my life, in all its cruelty and sorrow; but not now—no, not now."

"But, tell me, how was it I found you here, Tom?" and with an effort Red-Hand seemed to bury his grief, and assume his olden manner.

"Things began to look squally, pard, and I started over to your lay-out to look you up, when I ran against Paddy and Lone Dick, and they told me you had struck for my camp, so I put after you over the hills, missed the valley, and came down the slope just in time—but we won't speak of that now, comrade; but tell me, what is to be done?"

In a few words Red-Hand told his brother scout all the discoveries he had made since coming to the Black Hills, and then continued:

"That we are going to have a hard time, Tom, is evident, and my advice is to at once vacate your lay-out, and move bag and baggage to our stronghold, which we can hold against every Indian in these hills; yet, to be on the safe side, I have a plan to save the women, and that is to bring them here."

"Here! how will that protect them?"

"You have heard of the Haunted Valley of the Black Hills? Well, this is the valley, and no Indian of the Sioux tribe, or outlaw either, will ever penetrate into these wilds."

Tom Sun was a borderman of sound sense, and yet to a certain degree superstitious, and often had he heard Indian stories of the spirit valley, and he glanced somewhat nervously around him when told he was then in that weird locality, and Red-Hand continued:

"Tom, you and I know now the spirit that has haunted this valley, and we also know that this place will be sacred from intrusion, and here I will bring the women and children, you, Tom, and Lone Dick, Paddy, Captain Ramsey and his son must be their guard."

"And you, comrade?"

"Will take my chances with the men at the lay-out. Now, old fellow, you heard—heard—Grace speaks of her cabin!"

"Well, I'll strike the trail leading to it, put things right there, to welcome the women and children, and will then meet you at the upper end of this valley and guide you there."

"You mean for the party to leave the settlement to-night, then?"

"Yes, for the Indians will begin to move soon."

"Yonder is the horse I took from Bad Burke; mount him, and ride in all haste to the Ramsey camp; have the women and their party pack up at once, mount and hasten to the head of the valley, with all the necessary stores and traps for a long siege; then tell the men to move off with all due haste for the miners' camp, and, mind you, Tom, they must be well on their way by daylight, for we have time to lose."

"I am off at once, Red-Hand, but really I do not like to leave you alone in this valley," said Tom Sun, reluctantly.

"Grace, why did you leave me to a life of despair? Why did you wish to take my life?"

"Vincent, yonder is the grave of Boyd

Bernard; answer me—did your hand place him there?"

"It did."

Even Tom Sun started at the reply, and the woman groaned aloud.

"Again, answer me: did you take my father's life?"

"Grace, in God's name! what mean you?"

"Answer me! did my father fall by your hand?"

"Never! as God is my judge."

The eyes of the woman turned full upon the Scout, and she asked earnestly:

"Vincent, would you lie to a dying woman?"

"Not! one unkind word ever passed between your father and me."

"Thank God! Vincent, now I understand all, and—I believe—you."

"Hold—me—up—thus! yes, the shadow of death has blinded me, and the cold chill of the grave is upon me—but I would ask you to forgive me—me, a guilty thing that has so sinned against you."

"Quick! hold down your ear and catch my words, for—the papers—all—in cabin—yonder—quick! forgive me, and—kiss me, Vincent."

The Scout murmured softly:

"Grace, I forgive."

Then her stern lips touched those of the woman just as her eyes closed and Death laid his icy touch upon her pulse and stilled it forever.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### THE BURIAL BY MOONLIGHT.

"COME, comrade, old fellow, the night is creeping on, and we must not linger here."

It was Tom Sun who thus addressed Red-Hand, the Scout, still bending over the frail form of the woman he had called Grace.

Two hours had passed since her spirit had winged its flight away, and yet Red-Hand had not let go the small hand, or ceased to gaze down upon the marble-like, upturned face.

"Arouse yourself, comrade. Come, I have dug a grave under the hillside, just on the mossy bank of the rivulet; you can see it from here; and we must lay the poor girl away."

Still Red-Hand returned no answer, and again Tom Sun's kindly tones addressed him:

"Have you forgotten, old comrade, that there are lives dependent upon you, and that there is danger on the wind?"

"No, Tom, dear old fellow, I remember now. Let us first bury poor Grace—yes, bury her forever from sight; but I forgive her ere she died, and she believed me when I said my hand was not stained with her father's blood."

"There is a stain upon it, Tom, but not of his life. Come, let us dig a grave," and Red-Hand arose to his feet.

"The grave is dug, comrade. See, all is in readiness over there."

"Thank you, my friend, for I would not have her rest side by side with him."

"Here is my blanket, and shall we have it for a shroud; poor, poor Grace."

Softly the graceful form was enveloped in the blanket of the Scout, who then raised it tenderly in his arms and bore it to the new-made grave, which Tom Sun had thoughtfully filled in with poles, cut from a thicket near by, which served as a rude coffin.

Into her last resting-place the poor woman was lowered, and the blanket drawn over the beautiful sad face, upon which Red-Hand gazed with a stern and hard look that proved how deeply he suffered.

A few moments more and the dirt was thrown in most tenderly by Tom Sun, who seemed to feel to the very soul for his friend, while Red-Hand stood with uncovered head and folded arms gazing down upon the grave which held one that he had certainly loved most dearly in bygone years, and who had so strangely crossed his path in the wilds of the Black Hills—crossed his path to die by her own hand before his very face.

"Now, comrade, I have much to thank you for; but we must not linger here, for the living demand our care."

"Some day I will make known to you the story of my life, in all its cruelty and sorrow; but not now—no, not now."

"But, tell me, how was it I found you here, Tom?" and with an effort Red-Hand seemed to bury his grief, and assume his olden manner.

"Forgive me, little one," he continued, "for neglecting your temporal wants. We will have some fruit and wine. What wine do you like?"

"I have never taken any

terly men fail to read women"—she pressed her lips to his forehead, once—thrice—and the carriage was bearing him away alone, with the touch of her caress scorching like a flame upon his brow.

The summer fled, and no word passed between Erle and Theda Martyne; the autumn, blood-dyed, like the far-away battle-fields, faded; and one dreary day, when winter's first storm of snow beat against Lindon's office window, he listlessly cut the leaves of a new magazine and started at the name he saw there. He loved the woman who bore it as intensely as he, morbid, reckless, miserable, could love any one. And he knew since their last parting, and the tacit silence that had followed, that Theda loved him. But the haughty woman whose promise he had won to be his wife was wealthy; and he needed her gold to refurbish his fame, which each day lost somewhat of its luster; to re-win wealth, that he had squandered.

Miss Martyne was writing, with a dash and vivacity that had placed her name already in a first-class magazine. Erle understood the subtle power that had won her into the paths of literature. He knew the passion breathing in every line her white hand had traced, was her love for him transferred to the conception of her intellect; and, with feverish jealousy, he would fain have torn those pages from the book, that others might not call these blossoms of a plant his hand had trained.

With an impatient, mad desire upon him, he sauntered toward the saloon where he and Theda had so often met; and there she sat. Warmly, passionately beautiful, she looked her dark eyes drooping wearily, and her hand toyed in the old, restless fashion with a half-filled wine-glass. He stood before her with outstretched hands.

Instantly she clasped them, questioning, "Erle, what is the matter?"

He had paled and flushed at her touch, and now he stood before her, wan and haggard. She, cool and self-conquering, motioned him to the chair at her side, and pushed toward him a glass of wine. As he drank she spoke on indifferent subjects and they fell into the old, desultory talk; and neither cared that the twilight had fallen, and the storm beat more heavily upon the windows. When she arose he ordered a carriage, entering it with her unbroken.

Then he spoke passionately, pleadingly: "Theda, say you love me?"

"What good will that do?" she answered, sadly, her eyes dreamily tender, and her hand wandering caressingly to his.

"This good!" he broke forth, impetuously. "I will marry you! I cannot live without you! Say that I may—now—to-night—make you my wife!"

He looked into his flushed, haggard face and hesitated. Would he wish this to-morrow, away from her; uninfluenced by passion or wine? Then the demon in her soul whispered, what matter how you win him—so he is yours!

"Yes."

Erle was content with her sweet hands clasped in his, her kisses, at last, upon his lips. Only when they stood waiting for the clergyman some thought flashed through his mind of what he was doing.

"Once for all, Theda, you will not repent this! My name has lost the honor it had in the long-ago days, and storms are gathering darkly about my life."

"Yet I do not hesitate to link my life with it," she answered him, bravely; and then the clergyman commenced the marriage ceremony.

As they went away, man and wife, Theda whispered: "Erle, we will both redeem the past with the future."

"Too late!" he answered her, sadly. "Now, when most I need the strength and honor of my youth, I know that my uncurbed passions are my masters. The golden promises of my manhood have turned to ashes! It is too late! Theda!"

And on her marriage eve Theda Lindon was forced to look upon her idol—shattered! The strength she had worshiped and idealized in Erle Lindon was not.

Alone, and miserable, unutterably miserable, Theda Lindon, the month-old bride, waited at midnight for her husband's coming. At last his hand threw open the door. Straight to her chair he came, and, kneeling, hid his face in her lap.

"Theda, poor little girl, I am ruined! I am ruined!"

He kissed her, passionately. After the caress, with tears in her eyes, she offered him the drink. He must have something to quiet the unstrung nerves, the intense mental excitement under which he was laboring. He essayed again to tell her what troubled him. She sealed his lips with kisses.

"Erle, I willingly share any disgrace you may suffer; do not worry; try to rest, and tell me in the morning."

"Theda, Theda," he would cry, pitifully, "you could have saved me—you could have saved me!"

Was it not true? She was a reckless, social-ruined woman; sinking fast into the whirlpool that was closing over Erle, because—she had made no effort to save herself. Had she retained her own pure faith and womanliness, she might have helped him. For many days and nights she was forced to bear the acute agony of listening to that accusing cry, until the lips uttering it grew cold and silent for ever.

Only twenty-one was Theda Lindon, the penniless widow of a gambler, a drunkard, and a forger; but she had existed ages in experience; a heartsick, remorse-haunted woman, versed in the bitter experiences of the city's great uncurrent of fashionable folly.

Yet she lived, and essayed to earn money and forgetfulness by the writing that had brought success before its sorrowful interruption. But the weary brain and languid hands refused to do her bidding until, at last, in a frenzy of despair, she took the stimulants that could arouse her to the desired efforts. Day after day she used the deadly poison; and day after day her work grew under her hand, until it was completed, and launched upon the billows of public criticism. Genius was stamped upon its every page; but, alas, it was a genius emasculated—degraded! A book that the

young would read with avidity, and put aside without gaining moral or mental elevation—rather with the shadow of a taint upon their purity and faith. A book, splendid in conception, that thrilled, fascinated, compelled admiration, but elicited profoundest pity.

The work of a passion-seared heart, a fevered imagination, a weary, despairing, unbelieving woman, who had forced her brilliant intellect to work subject to the influence of intoxicants. And that was the work that Paul Taft read; kind, sorrowing, sinned against Paul. Read, and then he sought the woman whom he pitied as intensely as he had once loved her.

In a room, daintily luxurious in its appointments, he found Mrs. Lindon—pale and haggard, but weirdly, splendidly beautiful, despite her sunken cheeks, her dark-circled, despairing eyes, her defiant, cynically-smiling mouth. She reclined on a lounge in the midst of scarlet shadows. A table bearing luscious fruit and deep-hued liquor stood near, and on the secretaire at her side were scattered the implements of her profession.

She arose languidly to meet him; and he, standing before this wreck of the pure, delicate child who had plighted her troth to him, could find no words with which to greet her. She motioned him to a seat, and asked him in her careless, weary way if he would not congratulate her upon her literary success.

"You will never have another chance," she added.

"Why not, Theda—Mrs. Lindon?" he questioned, with a sickening dread upon him.

"Mrs. Lindon, that is better; the other name links my life too vividly with the time when I floated on the smooth waters of unawakened passions, untempted, innocent faith; then, suddenly recollecting herself: 'why because I shall never write another book. I will not draw other young lives into the whirlpool that is swallowing mine!'

"Then lead them up instead. With your genius you can do it."

"Can I?" she asked, bitterly. "Look!" her slender finger pointed to the sparkling drink—"it is my genius."

Again and again, Paul Taft's steps led him to Mrs. Lindon's presence, in his great desire to save her from that slow, sure, debasing ruin which must surely result from the life she led.

But death, sudden death, with him at her side, saved her from that. A sharp, quick spasm, and her quiet voice said.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart. Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surging through his heart.

Then it was lost in pity as she whispered: "Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

"Paul, I am dying. I think."

## A CHAPTER OF CASUALTIES.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I.  
John Smith with cautious steps approached  
The ait heels of a mule,  
And all upon a sudden found  
That he had been a fool.

II.  
Young Spriggins tried to cross the track  
Before a railroad train,  
And hadn't time enough to swear  
He'd not do so again.

III.  
The slick edge of a buzz-saw lured  
Young Wohle's curious touch;  
The saw went on, the hand went off,  
Astonishing him much.

IV.  
A hunter blew into a gun  
With all his mouth and mair,  
But didn't blow quite hard enough:  
The gun blew back again!

V.  
He left the hen-coop in the dark,  
And with his arms full flew;  
A load of shot came after him,  
And these he bore off.

VI.  
He trod on orange peeling and  
Reverse of fortune found—  
His feet were where his head had been—  
The latter on the ground.

VII.  
She started it with keroseen,  
And bright the fire flared;  
She can get out of good repair,  
And she to heaven repaired.

VIII.  
The scaffold fell, and he went down  
With it to see the cause  
Rather than stay and work away—  
His wife is widow Haws.

IX.  
On Sunday he went out to swim  
And drowned as boys will do;  
They brought him to with cannons fired—  
Yet failed to bring him to.

X.  
Into the well good Mr. Jones  
Unceremoniously fell;  
And while they mourned for him full sore—  
They said his death was well.

XI.  
He thought the pistol empty, and  
His playfulness he showed;  
He put it to his head and snapped—  
The pistol had no load!

## A Boarding-House Idyl.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"WEAK imitations of a grand original." That was what Bromley, who prided himself upon being a connoisseur, said of Rube Dale's pictures. "You see," went on the would-be critic, "in the great Ten Stryke we could pardon the little inconsistencies of green skies and yellow clouds, and even crimson hills and purple lakes could not detract from the grandeur of his genius, but when Dale undertakes to perpetrate these things he makes himself absurd."

Dale himself had a quivering perception of the same fact, but as his dabbling in art was solely for his own amusement, and he would as soon have thought of shooting himself as offering even his masterpiece for exhibition, Bromley always let up from those tirades of his by assuring every one within hearing that Dale was "a good fellow if he was execrable as an artist," and immediately invited himself around to dinner at Dale's expense.

It was on one of these occasions that he nudged his companion's elbow, and addressed him *sotto voce*:

"I say, where's that ancient female of grim repute, the stately, the strident, the obstreperous Mary Ann! I've been thinking all along that something was lacking, and have just made the discovery that it was her."

Like Mark Twain's travelers, Bromley had no idea that his bad grammar would go into print some day.

"Married," responded Rube, sententiously. "A week ago."

"Ye gods! Well, while there are men and women, there'll be no accounting for tastes, I presume. And that's the fair M. A.'s successor, I take i'. Don't you think it rather a remarkable head?"

"I don't—kn— Oh, certainly." He cast what he intended as a careless glance toward the trim maid in waiting which took in the folds of a blue dress and a bit of white ruffled apron, further than which in the week Ailsie O'Neil had deftly served him he had never seen. He was the most amazingly bashful of men, a bachelor of the most confirmed type, and the tie which bound him to this boarding house was that the landlady had not addressed a dozen words to him in the five years he had been an inmate of the house. But for all this he was not a woman-hater. It was his misfortune, not his fault, that his real admiration for the fair sex must always seem the opposite through his excessive, unhappy shyness.

Bromley knew his friend's weakness and was not for an instant deceived.

"The bashful coot hasn't the spirit to look into a pretty girl's face," thought Bromley. I don't know what impelled him unless it was an impulse of wanton malice, but he gave his shoulder a shrug and threw an accent of disgust into his next words.

"Speaking of tastes, I can't say that I admire Mrs. Bloomer's; and I'll be hanged, Dale, if I admire yours. Mrs. Bloomer may be an admirable landlady, but she's not a handsome woman, and her waitresses fall as far short of her in beauty as she falls short of the Venus Celestis. The gaunt Mary Ann was bad enough, but this one—I say, old fellow, you can paint the Medusa's head from life after this."

Dale thrilled with a faint sort of sickening shock.

The soft, low voice of the new maid had led him to expect something different; he had even tried once or twice to screw up his courage to the sticking point and take a look at her, and was fairly started on the way to success—having got as far as the little beruffled drift of an apron when it was laid at a trim, round waist—when Bromley's wickedness dashed the "cup of his desire." From that time forth he shrank into himself, if possible, more than ever before; his glances never wandered from his plate to that enchanting glint of blue. Certain vague, fluttering longings that had come to him briefly were laid again at rest.

Being blonde, pale, commonplace and insignificant himself, Rube was of course a beauty-worshipper, and thought that he had the soul of an artist, but it was probably the law which rules the attraction of opposites manifesting itself in an abstract way.

He had a place in a down town office somewhere from which he was home punctually at five. It lacked half an hour of that time, one day, when the hatter's boy rang the bell and handed in a new purchase of Mr. Dale's. It fell to Ailsie's lot to carry it up to his room.

A new picture hung upon the wall there, regarding the execution of which Rube rather felicitated himself; and whatever its defects might be in critical eyes, it seemed a perfect gem to lonely little Ailsie O'Neil. But it was not as a work of art it held her like one fascinated before it, and filled her eyes with sudden tears. They were overflowing when presently—the time seemed to her but a moment—she heard Dale's step upon the stairs. She turned hurriedly, and a head of Clytie that stood upon a bracket at her side fell and shattered.

POOR Ailsie stood a picture of pale despair over the fragments. A picture, indeed! Rube never saw the bits of broken marble; what he did see was a round, fair face, with almond-shaped gray eyes that were shaded by long, black, curling lashes, and heavy braids of purple-black, flossy hair reaching below her waist and fastened with a bit of scarlet ribbon at the ends. The startled eyes sought his ap-

peared; and Ailsie, or less frequently, good-hearted Mrs. Bloomer would take turns in watching.

The danger was over at last. Convalescence came, then recovery.

On the first day Mr. Dale went down to dinner he met with a disappointment. Another maid was waiting in Ailsie's place.

"She went to the hospital on Tuesday," said Mrs. Bloomer, when he lingered after the meal was over to make inquiries. "With the fever; yes, sir, that was it. You see, there was nothing else to be done, Mr. Dale. The other girls would not have kept quiet as she did; the talk of typhoid would have been all over the house in a day's time. Anyway she couldn't have hired attendance." Rube thought of the Clytie and groaned. "I told her I would take her back whenever she was fit to come."

"She'll never come," he broke forth with an energy which made the good lady open her eyes. "That is, I hope she won't," he added, more dubiously.

And she did not.

But for all that, Rube's courage was at its lowest ebb as he stood by the straight, white, hospital bed, where Ailsie was bolstered up, the shadow of herself after weeks of illness.

"I know how kind you have been," the weak little voice said, gratefully. "The nurse has told me, and I would have known by the flowers and fruit without."

Rube stammered and came very near repeating Mr. Toots again, but—who can tell what understanding she had pieced out of what he had lain there thinking by the hour! Ailsie gave him a wistful glance out of her great gray eyes, and shyly laid her hand, white as snow and pitifully thin, upon his palm. The black lashes swept down upon her cheeks, a smile trembled upon her lips, and then Mr. Dale had kissed her again, this time without being repulsed.

He has given up painting. The charming beauty of his wife satisfies every desire of his "artist's soul," but he never told her that he had intended anything but a bit of wild Irish scenery in that picture which was the agent that worked all the mischief.

"What do you mean?" Rube found voice to ask.

"I mane to pay yer honor true and honest, if ye'll wait."

"Oh, that! I mean your talk of Connaught."

A glow mounted Ailsie's face despite her trouble.

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's—it's of no consequence," stammered Rube, unconsciously borrowing a phrase from Mr. Toots, backing into deeper shadow and deprecating the genuine Irish thanks which were showered upon him. They were for his clemency, for Ailsie resolutely refused the gift. She insisted besides upon turning over her monthly stipend as she received it, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't speak the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Yer honor?"

"It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be bayant the trees, and that's the tower o' The Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen mesil many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."